

THE HOLMWOOD FOUNDATION

EP-06 - DATABASE

TRANSCRIPT

EPISODE INTRO:

You are listening to The Holmwood Foundation.
Episode Six: Database

Content Warning: this episode contains swearing, themes of possession/removal of bodily autonomy, and depictions of violence, including implied violence to an animal.

Listener discretion is advised.

EPISODE BEGINS

01. INT - RADIO SEGMENT

FX: CHEERY RADIO JINGLE

DAVE:

- Up next we have Andy on the line, who has something to say about our news segment on trespassing by-laws in East Sussex. Something I'm sure we all found riveting. Take it away, Andy.

FARMER:

So I own a farm in Kent, right? Been here for decades. Inherited it from my father, going to pass it to my kids when I die.

DAVE:

Keeping it in the family, I see.

FARMER:

Like it does any good! All I get is people trampling over my land, climbing fences, acting like they're above the law! Just this morning I heard some car speeding down the lane next to my fields, crashing into trees, blundering off the damn road.

DAVE:

Did you go out and help?

FARMER:

I'm sick of it. Kids driving over my property, tourists stomping around like they own the place. When will it end, Dave? I've got half a mind to start setting my dogs on them, I really do.

DAVE:

I think that might be a little bit illegal, Andy.

FARMER:

I'll tell you what's illegal: invading my land, damaging my property, trampling all over my fields. It's my farm. If they get to do what they like, then so should I! - [*These city types, thinking the countryside just belongs to them. They deserve to learn how things are out here-*]

DAVE:

(CUTTING HIM OFF) Thanks Andy. I'm sure we all learned something new today.

FX: CALL WITH FARMER ENDED.

DAVE:

Up next, it's round three of our Big Bad Quizathon 2024! Get your thinking caps on because this one's a doozy. Right after these ads.

FX: CHEERY RADIO JINGLE

02. EXT - CAR CRASH SITE - EARLY MORNING

FX: FLAMES FROM THE CAR CRASH IN EP 05. RECORDER GLITCHING, CONTINUOUS FROM EP 05.

JEREMY:

(EFFORT, PULLING HIMSELF OUT OF THE CAR)

FX: JEREMY DRAGS HIMSELF OUT OF THE CAR. STUMBLES AWAY.

JEREMY:

(COUGHING) Madeline? Madeline?

FX: HE STAGGERS

JEREMY:

(MORE COUGHING) What the *fuck?* Madeline?

MADDIE:

(WEAKLY) Over here!

FX: JEREMY STUMBLES TO HER.

JEREMY:

I've got you!

MADDIE/JEREMY:

(EFFORT AS HE HELPS HER UP)

MADDIE:

Thanks. I'm alright.

JEREMY:

These *fucking* blackouts. What happened?

MADDIE:

I don't know. Last thing I remember, we were driving. I can smell petrol!

JEREMY:

We've got to get away from this car!

MADDIE:

Wait!

JEREMY:

Now what?

MADDIE:

The head! It's still in there!

FX: SHE LURCHES FORWARD

JEREMY:

No!

FX: HE GRABS HER AND PULLS HER BACK

MADDIE:

(STARTLED REACTION)

FX: EXPLOSION OF GLASS AND WHOOSH OF FIRE AS THE CAR GOES UP IN FLAMES

MADDIE/JEREMY:

(STARTLED REACTION)

MADDIE:

Is that... do- do you think it's-

HEAD:

(SOFT CHUCKLE FROM WITHIN THE FLAMES)

MADDIE:

That can't be...

HEAD:

(CHUCKLE RISES TO A HOWLING LAUGH)

JEREMY:

We tried everything, Madeline. Every fucking thing under the

sun to destroy the rest of his body. We've been trying for decades. Did you really think a car crash would do it?

MADDIE:

I don't know, I [hoped]-... We can't just leave it there! Pass me that branch! Over there.

JEREMY:

What? Why?

MADDIE:

I'm going to hook the head and get it out of the flames.

JEREMY:

What? No! Absolutely not! That's fucking insane! Madeline, I swear, if you burn yourself-

MADDIE:

Come on, hold my arm. The head must have rolled when the car flipped; I can see it just behind the window I crawled through. If we do this together, I think I can just about reach.

JEREMY:

Fucking christ... (HE TAKES HER ARM) Okay. Okay. I've got you.

MADDIE:

Right. (EFFORT AS SHE REACHES)

FX: SCREECH OF METAL FROM THE CAR. FLAMES ROAR

MADDIE/JEREMY:

(STARTLED REACTION)

JEREMY:

Careful!

MADDIE:

I am. I am! Almost there-I've got it. I've got it!

FX: HEAD ROLLS OVER RUBBLE.

MADDIE:

(EFFORT, SCRAMBLES TO PICK UP THE HEAD. PULLED BACK)

FX: MADDIE PICKS UP THE HEAD. JEREMY PULLS HER BACK AWAY FROM THE FLAMES.

JEREMY:

Never do that again.

MADDIE:

(BREATHLESS LAUGH) No promises. (BEAT.) It's not even warm to the touch...

HEAD:

(SOFT LAUGHTER - JOINING IN) Not even the fires of hell
can stop me!

(BEAT)

JEREMY:

Give me that.

FX: HE RIPS A PIECE OFF HIS SHIRT

JEREMY:

(SOTTO - TO HEAD) Come here, you... animated fucking nightmare.

MADDIE:

What are you doing?

JEREMY:

What does it look like I'm doing? I'm *gagging* it.

MADDIE:

You know, that sounds like the best idea you've had so far.

DRACULA:

You cannot silence me! (CONTINUES TO SPEAK UNTIL GAGGED BY
FABRIC, GURGLES)

JEREMY:

Pass me Tom's bag. It can live in there for a while.

MADDIE:

Here. It's a bit tight.

FX: RUSTLING AS JEREMY SHOVES THE HEAD INTO THE BAG AND ZIPS IT
UP.

JEREMY:

Even better.

MADDIE:

Oh!

JEREMY:

What is it?

MADDIE:

The... the recorder-

JEREMY:

I've got it. Looks like it's bloody broken through. If you
want to check, here... (HE HANDS IT TO HER) Be my guest.

MADDIE:

(BEAT, THEN LAUGHTER, A LITTLE HYSTERICAL)

JEREMY:

What now?

MADDIE:

The recorder. It's still on. It's been recording since we left Tom's. Jonathan didn't turn it off.

JEREMY:

Of course he didn't.

MADDIE:

It's been running since... god, at least three hours, I think: part of the screen is damaged.

JEREMY:

Can you turn it off?

MADDIE:

I - no. The button's stuck. I'll have to look at it when we stop... I think I can maybe --

FX: RECORDING ENDS ABRUPTLY.

03. EXT - CAR CRASH SITE - EARLY MORNING

FX: RECORDING STARTS IN MADDIE'S POCKET. MADDIE AND JEREMY MOVING AROUND CAR WRECKAGE. ALL LINES SLIGHTLY MUFFLED AS RECORDER PICKS THEM UP FROM INSIDE POCKET.

MADDIE:

We were lucky the car doors didn't hit us, instead they--
(STARTLED REACTION AS SHE SPOTS THE ELENA) *Ah!*

FX: SHE STUMBLES BACK

ELENA:

(SOFT GROAN)

JEREMY:

What is it? What's--

MADDIE:

Jeremy! Help me! There's a woman here! Under the door--

FX: JEREMY HURRIES TO JOIN HER

JEREMY:

What? Where-- (URGENT) Madeline, get away from her! (EFFORT AS HE GRABS HER)

MADELINE:

(EFFORT/STARTLED REACTION AS SHE'S GRABBED) What-?

JEREMY:

That's her! The woman from the train! (HYSTERICAL/HORRIFIED LAUGH) The Harkers must've hit her!

ELENA:

(WHEEZING LAUGH) You thought it would be enough to destroy me? I have lived for *centuries*.

JEREMY:

Stay back! I know what you are! You're one of Dracula's... *things!*

ELENA:

How dare you! (EFFORT AS SHE TRIES TO GET FREE)

MADDIE:

We can't just leave her!

JEREMY:

Yes we bloody well can!

FX: ELENA STRUGGLES

ELENA:

(STRUGGLING) *Free me!*

JEREMY:

You won't get us. You won't hurt us. *Come on, Madeline -*

MADDIE:

But Jeremy-

JEREMY:

But nothing! She ripped you apart on the train, she will kill us if she gets out.

MADDIE:

I know but- [she's still hurt] (TO ELENA) I- I'm sorry

ELENA:

(RAGEFUL SCREAM)

JEREMY:

Come on!

FX: HE TAKES A STEP, AND STAGGERS.

JEREMY:

(PAINED REACTION)

MADDIE:

You're hurt.

JEREMY:

It's nothing. I'm fine.

MADDIE:

No, you're not. Come on, lean on me.

JEREMY:

You can barely walk yourself!

MADDIE:

Then we'll just support each other. Come on. (EFFORT AS JEREMY
LEANS ON HER, SHE STARTS TO WALK)

FX: THEY BEGIN HURRYING AWAY FROM THE WRECK. RECORDING ENDS

04. INT - HENRI'S FLAT / GODALMING BUILDING, SURREY - PHONE
CALL

FX: PHONE CALL ANSWERED. SURREY LAB FX / HENRI'S FLAT FX.

HENRI:

Hey, it's me.

TOM:

Jeez, you certainly know how to keep a guy on his toes. What
took you so long?

HENRI:

(SITTING DOWN AT DESK, CATCHING BREATH) Engineering works,
followed by a bus replacement service, followed by a twenty
minute walk...

TOM:

For a second, I thought you'd been—

HENRI:

Taken away by black vans?

TOM:

Well, yeah! Actually!

HENRI:

No black vans in sight. I've been thinking about that,
actually. Has the Foundation ever used its extraction team
to secure human targets?

TOM:

Not that I know of. Although I've not exactly been privy to
much of the family biz since I was eleven years old, and even

that was on a need-to-know basis.

HENRI:

I'm still trying to wrap my head around it...

TOM:

I'm just lucky I threatened them with lawyers.

HENRI:

Actually, I think it was lucky a photo of you got thrown around all over the internet.

TOM:

Wait- really?

HENRI:

One of your fans shared it. It went viral, Tom.

TOM:

Oh I love my fans! Wait - were you searching for me online?

HENRI:

I... like to keep tabs. Clearly, it was the right thing to do. You owe that young person a donation to their crowdfund.

TOM:

Noted. (SOTTO) Take that, Mrs Swift.

HENRI:

What?

TOM:

Nothing. Nothing.

HENRI:

Probably wouldn't work a second time, of course. Or, you know, for anyone among us who isn't a massive celebrity.

TOM:

(NERVOUS LAUGH) Yeah. What are you doing now?

FX: HENRI SITS AT A COMPUTER

HENRI:

I'll get myself on the computer system, have a poke around. Maybe someone's left a document on the shared drive; something about the head, or whatever's going on with the rest of the limbs.

TOM:

Is that going to cause any issues? I mean, do they monitor your computer usage?

HENRI:

Maybe? Honestly, there's not much they could do immediately. I'm all the way down in Surrey. If the Seward building wants to pick a fight, they'll have to drive all the way down here and get me..

(LONG BEAT)

FX: HENRI CONTINUES TYPING.

TOM:

...Henri, come home.

HENRI:

What?

TOM:

This is too risky. I'm sorry I asked you to do it. Just drop all this, leave the lab and come home.

HENRI:

But I've barely even scratched the surface! I can't just go.

TOM:

You can. You really really can. I've been running away from this shit for years! It's easy!

HENRI:

Tom...

TOM:

Look, I'm sorry I dragged you into this. I'm sorry I told you what happened this weekend. I'm sorry you're sitting in that lab with weird shit going on. Jeremy and Maddie are probably meeting up with Arthur right now. They'll sort this all out. They don't even need us.

(BEAT)

HENRI:

Are you being for real right now?

TOM:

I've got a little holiday house in LA. We could go there on the first plane tomorrow. Lie by the pool, soak in the sun! Keep as far away from vampires and ghosts and Foundation insanity as possible.

HENRI:

You want to run away? You want to leave your cousin to fend for himself? And what about me? I chose to come in, Tom. I'm choosing to find out what's happening. Someone's been locking

us out of the most amazing and horrifying progress we've ever had on the LIMB project, and I want to know why!

FX: FOOTSTEPS. DR LAKE ENTERS

DR LAKE:

Henri? Is that you?

HENRI:

Uh... Tim! Hi!

DR LAKE:

Everything alright?

HENRI:

Yeah. Yeah, fine. (COLDLY - INTO PHONE) Bye Tom. I'm hanging up now. I've got work to be getting on with. Have fun in LA.

TOM:

Henri, wait!

FX: PHONE CALL ENDS.

05. EXT - COUNTRY ROAD - RECORDING

FX: RECORDER ON. SOFT COUNTRY ROAD ATMOS. LIMPING FOOTSTEPS AS MADDIE AND JEREMY MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN THE ROAD.

MADDIE:

(EFFORT TO WALK) I think it's back on again. Button looks broken... (INTO RECORDER) It's Maddie. So... uh... (SLIGHTLY HYSTERICAL LAUGH) We survived the crash!

JEREMY:

(EFFORT TO WALK) Is now really the time to be recording?

MADDIE:

The Harkers still need to know what's happening. (CONTINUES INTO RECORDER) It turns out the recorder was turned on the entire time we were in the car. It's a bit battered, but it'll still work, if we're gentle with it.

JEREMY:

Christ, we need some other way of... informing ourselves about what's happening. Something smaller, more immediate.

MADDIE:

In case we wake up inside another burning car?

JEREMY:

(BITTER LAUGH) Exactly.

MADDIE:

We'll think of something.

FX: CAR RUMBLE BEHIND THEM

MADDIE:

Do you hear that?

JEREMY:

It's a car!

MADDIE:

Maybe they'll give us a lift!

FX: CAR DRIVES PAST WITHOUT STOPPING, SPLASHING A PUDDLE OF WATER OVER JEREMY AND MADDIE AS IT GOES.

JEREMY/MADDIE:

(STARTLED/DISGUSTED REACTION)

FX: CAR RUMBLES AWAY

JEREMY:

(SHOUTING AFTER IT) Oh yeah, just go ahead and keep fucking driving! Don't even bother slowing down. Jesus fucking Christ!

MADDIE:

(TRYING TO CALM HERSELF, SLIGHTLY TEARFUL) It's fine. It's fine. It's not worth it. Might as well be one of those weeks.

JEREMY:

Where even *are* we?

MADDIE:

I'll check. Hold this.

FX: PASSES OVER THE RECORDER AND TRIES HER PHONE.

MADDIE :

(RELIEVED LAUGH) Score one to Thomas Van Helsing. The phone still works!

FX: MADDIE TAPS AT PHONE

MADDIE:

The last sign I saw was for Brabourne, west of Dover.

JEREMY:

And just how long is it going to take us to walk?

MADDIE:

Or hobble, in our case. A day, I think.

JEREMY:

Fucking brilliant. Another hike from hell. Let's try just a few more miles, away from that car, and then find a place to rest.

MADDIE:

Sounds good to me.

FX: RECORDING ENDS.

06. EXT. TOM'S VOICEMAIL - VOICE MESSAGE FROM JEREMY

FX: COUNTRY ROAD ATMOS IN BACKGROUND.

PHONE VOICE:

Message received today at 10:32 AM

FX: BEEP

JEREMY:

Tom, it's me. We're safe. Or as safe as we can be, given the circumstances. I— Look, the Harkers wrecked your car. I'm sorry. We're fine, everyone's fine. You can ask them how it fucking happened.

Can you call me when you get this? Madeline and I are getting some rest, neither of us have slept, and we've found a nice spot. It's under a tree, I... (HE LAUGHS) Can't believe I just said that.

Fuck. Just. Please call.

FX: PHONE BEEPING: A NEW CALL ON THE LINE

JEREMY:

Tom?

FX: HE CLICKS OVER. MESSAGE ENDS.

07. EXT/INT - TOM'S BURNER PHONE - COUNTRY ROAD / SEWARD BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

FX: JEREMY PICKS UP THE NEW CALL. COUNTRYSIDE ATMOS AT JEREMY'S END. DEADENED QUIET OF OFFICE AT MAGDALENA'S.

JEREMY:

Hello? Tom?

MAGDALENA:

Hello Mr Larkin. My name is Magdalena Swift. I believe we've met before. I work for your father, in the Seward building. Please, don't hang up.

JEREMY:

I know who you are. So he's finally fucking decided to call, has he?

MAGDALENA:

Not exactly. This is the last number contacted by the phone we confiscated from Thomas Van Helsing this morning.

JEREMY:

...Shit.

MAGDALENA:

Mr Larkin, Jeremy, what exactly is going on here?

JEREMY:

I was going to ask you the same fucking thing!

MAGDALENA:

We've been tracking you for days, since the collapse of the Whitby building. As far as anyone knows, you took Dracula's skull from containment and ran off onto the moors. You contacted us specifically asking for help, then ran again the moment we reached your location.

JEREMY:

That... That wasn't my decision.

MAGDALENA:

It wasn't? Are you saying you've been coerced? We know Madeline Townsend has been travelling with you-

JEREMY:

Coerced? By *Madeline*?

MAGDALENA:

I fail to see who else. Mr Van Helsing? Someone we don't know? Mr Larkin, I need to know exactly what's been going on, so I can *help* you.

JEREMY:

You're not going to bloody believe me, but if I don't tell you now, you're only going to find out later. Please understand that I know how this sounds-

MAGDALENA:

I'm listening.

JEREMY:

We've been possessed by the ghosts of the Harkers, and yes - *those* Harkers. Jonathan and Mina. I don't know how and I don't know why, but it's been coming in waves since Whitby.

They come and go and they make their own fucking decisions, one of which was stealing the skull, another was running from London. I've been trying to get it back to you but... (TRAILS OFF)

MAGDALENA:

I see.

JEREMY:

You don't believe me, do you? (HE LAUGHS) I told you you wouldn't believe me!

MAGDALENA:

I'm not saying that, Mr Larkin. But you do realise what you've just told me?

JEREMY:

Yes, thank you so much. Look, just put my father on, please? I've just had the worst fucking week of my life. I don't need to explain myself to his damned security officer.

MAGDALENA:

I'll contact your father as soon as I can. Right now, I need you to listen to me, okay?

JEREMY:

Oh please. Go right ahead.

MAGDALENA:

It's clear that something dreadful has happened to you. The shock of the containment breach at the Whitby building, seeing these creatures firsthand. You need assistance. But running across the countryside, hiding from us like we're the enemy is not helping.

JEREMY:

I just told you, this wasn't my decision to make! It's the-

MAGDALENA:

And yet you decided to answer my call, it's clear you want our help. Just tell us where you are. We can come pick you up, contain the head, bring you both back to London.

JEREMY:

Just like that?

MAGDALENA:

Just like that. I can handle things from there. You said this has been the worst week of your life. Don't you want to come home? Get some help? Some *sleep*? I know I would, in your position.

JEREMY:

I-

MADDIE:

Jeremy?

JEREMY:

(LOWERING HIS VOICE) I... I need to think about this.

MAGDALENA:

What more is there to think about? This is how this situation can finally end. Isn't that what you want?

JEREMY

Let me just think about this. *Please*.

MAGDALENA:

Fine. Call me back on this number. (SOFTER) I'm not the enemy here, Jeremy.

JEREMY:

I... Right. Sure.

FX: MADDIE APPROACHES

MADDIE:

Who is it? Tom?

JEREMY:

Yes. It's Tom.

FX: CALL ENDS

08. INT - GODALMING BUILDING, SURREY - RECORDING CAMERA

FX: CAMERA SWITCHES ON. LAB ATMOS.

HENRI:

Okay, cameras are up and running. We should have a direct feed to the hand, 24/7, from four different angles. Do you think that's enough?

DR LAKE:

Probably not, knowing our luck with equipment lately, but it'll do for now. (HE WINCES) *Owch*.

HENRI:

How's your hand?

DR LAKE:

It's fine. It just stings occasionally. I sent tissue samples to the London building. Might need to go up for an evaluation in a few days, but they don't think there's any reason to be concerned.

HENRI:

You sound concerned.

DR LAKE:

The hand of a centuries-old vampire suddenly sprang to life and attacked me, Henri! I'm reserving the right to be a bit bloody concerned!

HENRI:

Fair. Fair.

FX: ALARM BUZZ

HENRI:

What was that?

FX: ROLLING CHAIR AS DR LAKE MOVES TOWARDS A COMPUTER SCREEN

DR LAKE:

Someone buzzed the front gate.

FX: HENRI WALKS TO JOIN HIM. ALARM BUZZES AGAIN

HENRI:

Who...? (COLDLY) Oh.

DR LAKE:

Do you know them?

HENRI:

I- Yeah. That's my boyfriend.

DR LAKE:

He knows where you work?

HENRI:

We're hardly a secret organisation Tim.

FX: TOM PRESSES THE BUZZER A THIRD TIME.

HENRI:

I'll sort it out. Just... give me a second? Don't call security.

DR LAKE:

Fine. I'll go take a little walk outside, shall I? Calm my nerves, and helpfully not-notice someone pressing our buzzer over and over.

HENRI:

Thanks.

FX: SHE HURRIES OUT

09. INT/EXT - GODALMING BUILDING, SURREY - DOOR CAMERAS

FX: BUZZER PRESS, CHIRP AS HENRI ACTIVATES THE DOOR INTERCOM

HENRI:

Okay, okay. I'm here, you can stop pressing that now.

TOM:

Henri! You're okay!

HENRI:

Of course I'm okay. What the hell are you doing here?

TOM:

I'm worried about you.

HENRI:

Yes, you made that quite clear. I can look after myself.

TOM:

I know. I know! I just... I'm sorry.

HENRI:

What are you even doing out there? I thought this place terrified you.

TOM:

It does! It scares the shit out of me! That's *why* I'm here. I wanted to show you I'm willing to be scared shitless to make sure you're okay.

HENRI:

That's... actually very sweet.

TOM:

So... can I come in?

HENRI:

My supervisor's still in the building.

TOM:

So? I'm a Van Helsing, I'm allowed to be here! (BEAT) And

technically I've only been barred from one of the Holmwood Foundation buildings. (BEAT) Well, probably two, now, I suppose.

HENRI:

(SHE SIGHS) What happens if I say no?

TOM:

I keep standing at this door, pressing this buzzer, and staring into that camera up there with big puppy-dog eyes until you let me in anyway.

HENRI:

(HOLDS BACK A LAUGH) Okay, fine, fine. Just... be quiet, okay? And give me a minute. I'll make sure there's nobody else *unexpected* in the building today.

FX: SHE HURRIES OFF

10. EXT - FARMER'S FIELD - LATE MORNING

FX: PHONE CONNECTING. BIRDS CHIRPING IN THE DISTANCE.

MADDIE:

(URGENT, MID-ARGUMENT) Sir, please -

PHONE VOICE:

Thank you for calling 101. You are in a queue to connect to your local police service centre. We will connect you with an operator as soon as we can.

FX: SOFT HOLD MUSIC THROUGH SCENE

FARMER:

Stay where you are! I am calling the police. This is my property.

FX: A DOG GROWLS.

JEREMY:

Look, Christ, our car crashed! We just wanted to sit down somewhere.

MADDIE:

This really is just a misunderstanding-

FARMER:

I've had enough of you bloody trespassers! Thinking you can walk wherever you please!

MADDIE:

(GROWING FRUSTRATION) Look at us. *We are injured*, we had a car accident. We were *resting*. I don't know if you've noticed but we aren't exactly close to civilisation out here.

JEREMY:

Madeline-

PHONE VOICE:

You are in a queue. We will connect you with an operator as soon as we can.

MADDIE:

And I'm sure the *police* would love to know that you threaten people on your fields with a big bloody dog and a rifle!

FARMER:

Why you-

MADDIE:

And, last I heard, trespassing was hardly *illegal*. Stay on that stupid little phone of yours and all you'll have is a police caution for wasting their time!

FARMER:

That's just something the tourists say so they can trample wherever they like. Why don't we ask the police together?

JEREMY:

There's no need to get the police involved at all! Look, we can pay, can't we, Madeline?

MADDIE:

What?

JEREMY:

Our bag. Tom's money. (SOTTO) The last thing we need is someone trying to *bloody* arrest us right now.

MADDIE:

(CALMING HERSELF DOWN) Fine. Fine.

FX: DOG BARK.

FARMER:

No skimping, now. You can hand it all over.

JEREMY:

That's fucking extortion.

FARMER:

Should have thought about that before you jumped the fence.

PHONE VOICE:

You are in a queue. We will connect you with an operator as soon as we can.

FX: JEREMY SEARCHES BAG

JEREMY:

We've got about a hundred pounds.

FARMER:

I suppose that'll do.

MADDIE:

You suppose?

FARMER:

It's less than I should be- [asking for]

MADDIE:

What kind of person looks at two people sitting under a tree, clearly exhausted, clearly in need of help and thinks "*oh, I know, I'll call the police*"? What kind of nasty, underhand-

FARMER:

Easy now-

MADDIE:

- *Git*, just sets their dog on someone? Doesn't even ask why we're covered in bruises? Doesn't even ask why we're here? Just starts waving his gun around? *Then says a hundred pounds isn't good enough?*

(LONG BEAT)

MADDIE:

(STILL SEETHING) Give him the money, Jeremy.

JEREMY:

Here.

FX: HE HANDS IT OVER

MADDIE:

We're leaving.

FARMER:

Right. Well. Off you pop then. Road's over in that direction.

FX: MADDIE AND JEREMY START TO LEAVE

MADDIE:

Don't spend it all at once, will you?

JEREMY:

Madeline, come on!

FX: CALL ENDS. CUT TO:

11. EXT - COUNTRY ROAD - LATER - RECORDING

FX: RECORDER ON. MADDIE AND JEREMY WALKING THROUGH FIELD. SOFT NATURE ATMOS AROUND THEM.

MADDIE:

It's Maddie. We're back on the road after... maybe two hours? Managed to get in trouble with a farmer for sleeping on his land. Jeremy gave him the money from Tom..

JEREMY:

It was all I could think to do!

MADDIE:

At least he didn't actually call the police. (SHE SIGHS) We're still a long way from Dover, but we should make it by the end of today, if we stick to the fields.

JEREMY:

Would be nice not to be chased by anything new for five fucking seconds..

(BEAT- THEY WALK)

MADDIE:

What a nasty man..

JEREMY:

You were... amazing back there.

MADDIE:

Oh, don't start.

JEREMY:

I mean it.

MADDIE:

You forget I was a teacher for ten years. It's all in the tone.

MADDIE/JEREMY:

(SMALL LAUGH)

FX: THEY WALK

MADDIE:

(SHE SIGHS) Jeremy, I need to tell you something.

JEREMY:

Hm?

MADDIE:

Can we... can we stop for a moment?

FX: THEY STOP WALKING

JEREMY:

What is it?

MADDIE:

Earlier, when we were in the car... I didn't tell you the whole truth about when you switched with Jonathan.

JEREMY:

What are you talking about?

MADDIE:

I think I was worried you might run away. Or you wouldn't believe me and- (WEAK LAUGH) I suppose I'm still pissed at you for lying to me back in Yorkshire.

The reason Arthur wants to meet us in Dover, the reason we didn't go to the London building... is because he thinks the Foundation could be *trying* to bring the remaining limbs back together, to... reanimate them.

JEREMY:

That's not true. That's- Why would- [he think that]?

MADDIE:

I said the same, but Arthur was adamant. And the limbs are reanimating, Jeremy, Arthur said it's happening at the Foundation, and then there's the head!

JEREMY:

Well, yes! I know about that!

MADDIE:

And it shouldn't be *doing* that! We've been stuck for days with this thing, I think we've almost gotten used to it, but we shouldn't have had to! Arthur thinks- Jeremy, I'm so sorry...

JEREMY:

What is it?

MADDIE:

He thinks your father could be behind it all. That he *knows*, and... and wants it to happen.

JEREMY:

Jesus Christ, Madeline. That's insane! My father isn't some-

cartoon villain! The Foundation is his life! His entire fucking world!

MADDIE:

He's not answered any of your calls, he's not checked on you once.

JEREMY:

Well, no, but- [he's been busy]

MADDIE:

Your father can't just... *not* know what's going on.

(LONG BEAT)

JEREMY:

(SOTTO) This is fucking *insane*.

MADDIE:

Is it really so hard to believe? After everything we've gone through this week? All of those unanswered calls? The extraction team basically kicking down Tom's door? I know you want to believe the Foundation will save us, but... but what if they can't? What if they don't *want* to?

JEREMY:

I haven't wasted the last twenty years of my fucking life there for your boyfriend to suddenly decide-

MADDIE:

Exactly! You've spent your whole life stuck in that place! And, from what you've told me these last few days, you've hated every minute of it. Jeremy, you don't owe the Foundation anything. Even if Arthur's wrong, even if this is some huge misunderstanding. You're your own person, you do realise that?

JEREMY:

You're starting to sound like Thomas...

MADDIE:

Well, he had a point! Has nobody ever told you how miserable you look? All the time?

JEREMY:

Funny enough, it has been pointed out to me.

MADDIE:

Well. You don't deserve to feel that way. Nobody does.

Tom told me you used to like poetry...

JEREMY:

(SHAKY BREATH) I can't do this. Not now. Not after everything that's happened this week. I just wanted to get rid of the *fucking* head.

FX: HE STORMS AHEAD, CLEARLY PANICKING.

FX: MADDIE CATCHES UP WITH HIM.

MADDIE:

I'm sorry. I really am. I didn't want to believe all this when Arthur told me, either-

JEREMY:

It can't be my father. He's married to the Foundation. He made me into his fucking *worker drone* because he refused to believe anything else was more important!

MADDIE:

Maybe he can't see any other way? Perhaps he thinks he's doing what's best? Just because he's a Harker-

JEREMY:

(ROUNDING ON HER) He is not a Harker! *I'm* not a fucking Harker! None of my family is!

MADDIE:

But... the name-

JEREMY:

The Harkers died out in the 1950s with Mina. Their son didn't even survive the First World War.

MADDIE:

Oh god, that's horrific. Poor Mina. So what happened?

JEREMY:

Who knows. Some Foundation Executive decided to take the name. Adopt the fucking brand, pretend we're all some 'big happy family'. (STARTING TO BREAK DOWN) It's a sham. It's all a fucking sham. Everything.

FX: HE SLUMPS TO THE GROUND. MADDIE TENTATIVELY APPROACHES.

MADDIE:

So that's why you're a Larkin, not a Harker?

JEREMY:

Teenage rebellion. I thought: if Dad or his cronies can do it, so can I. Didn't make a damn bit of difference in the end...

MADDIE:

I'm all for teenage rebellion...
You know what I first thought, when I chose my name?
I thought: *finally*. Here I am. I can finally show the world
the person I was meant to be. The *real* Madeline.
It's Larkin as in... *Philip Larkin*, the poet, right?

JEREMY:

(WATERY LAUGH) Of course, it was only later a boyfriend
told me what a sullen bastard Philip Larkin supposedly
was. Seemed fitting by then.

FX: MADDIE SITS BESIDE HIM

MADDIE:

I always liked '*An Arundel Tomb*', myself.

JEREMY:

Me too. (HE SIGHS) Once we take the head to Arthur, he can do
what he likes with it. I just want this done. I don't care
anymore.

MADDIE:

You... still want to go to Dover?

JEREMY:

What other choice do we have? You were right: my father's
abandoned me. The limbs are going insane. This is a nightmare,
and neither of us deserve to be stuck in it. Arthur- (CALMING
HIMSELF) Arthur always was better at this than me.

MADDIE:

Whatever happens, after we give up the head, I'm not abandoning
you. The Harkers, everything... we'll sort it out together. I
promise.

JEREMY:

Thank you.

FX: MADDIE GETS UP.

MADDIE:

Now, come on. I don't think either of us want to sleep
under another tree.

FX: JEREMY STANDS. THEY SET OFF WALKING AGAIN

12. EXT - COUNTRY ROAD / CARPARK - PHONE CALL

FX: BURNER PHONE RINGING - PICKED UP. SMALL COUNTRY LANE. SOFT
BREEZE THROUGH GRASS. MADDIE/ JEREMY FOOTSTEPS. / TOM'S END:
CARPARK.

JEREMY:

Hello?

TOM:

Hey mate. It's me again.

JEREMY:

Tom!

TOM:

I got your message. Sorry about earlier. The Foundation were monitoring me. I mean, staring-me-down-across-a-table monitoring. Couldn't let you give anything away.

JEREMY:

Shit.

TOM:

Don't worry. I'm out now, and I didn't tell them anything.

JEREMY:

How do we know they're not still-

TOM:

Because listen to that!

FX: HE HOLDS OUT PHONE - FAINT RUSHING OF TRAFFIC OUTSIDE

TOM:

The sound of sweet freedom! Or rather, the sound of a carpark. How are you both? You mentioned wrecking my car...

JEREMY:

Fuck, Tom, I'll make it up to you...

TOM:

Look, I loved that car. Truly. But I'm worried about you, you idiot! And Madeline, for that matter.

MADDIE:

(OFF) We're fine! Hello Tom.

TOM:

What's happening now?

JEREMY:

We're almost at Dover. Had to go the rest of the way on foot. Had a *delightful* encounter with a farmer.

MADDIE:

(OFF) Thanks for the supplies, Tom. (TO JEREMY) I... I think I might sit down for a second, Jeremy. My head's spinning.

JEREMY:

Are you alright?

MADDIE:

(OFF) Fine. Fine. I just need a moment. Come back for me in a second.

JEREMY:

I will.

FX: HE WALKS FURTHER AWAY.

TOM:

I'm just glad you're both okay.

JEREMY:

Frankly, it's a damned miracle. The recorder was running the entire time after we left yours. We listened to everything. I don't know what the hell's going on with the head, but I want it out of my sight as soon as humanly fucking possible.

TOM:

I'm guessing it had something to do with the car being wrecked.

JEREMY:

And the Sister. She followed us.

TOM:

Jesus. I tried to fill in Henri about the situation. She offered to take a look at the Foundation systems, see what she can find out about all this.

JEREMY:

Henri?

TOM:

My girlfriend, she works for your lot.

JEREMY:

Tom, we can't keep getting other people involved in this! Do you have any idea how much danger we're already-

TOM:

Considering you can't remember half of what happens to you on a daily basis, I'd say I had more of an idea than you do.

JEREMY:

I still don't like it.

TOM:

She insisted. She's nice like that.

I'm... uh... I'm mainly calling for distraction, actually. I'm trying to patch things up but she's... not very pleased with me right now.

JEREMY:

How terrible for you.

TOM:

I'll call if we find anything?

JEREMY:

Please.

TOM:

Right. Look after yourselves. Both of you. Get to Dover in one please, please.

JEREMY:

We will. I promise.

TOM:

Good. Good.
See you around, mate.

JEREMY:

You too.

FX: CALL ENDS. BEEP OF A SECOND CALL ON THE LINE

13. EXT/INT - COUNTRY ROAD / OFFICE - PHONE CALL - JEREMY'S
PHONE - CONTINUOUS

FX: JEREMY PICKS UP THE SECOND CALL. DEADENED OFFICE ATMOS AT
MAGDALENA'S END.

JEREMY:

Ms Swift.

MAGDALENA:

Mr Larkin. Have you had time to consider my offer?

JEREMY:

I- No. Not yet. I... need more time.

MAGDALENA:

I can make all this go away, Jeremy. I just need you to
trust me. To trust *us*.

JEREMY:

Look, I'll call you, okay? Just let me think.

FX: HE PUTS DOWN PHONE.

14. EXT - EDGE OF COUNTRY ROAD - RECORDER

FX: RECORDER ON. SOFT COUNTRY ROAD ATMOS.

MINA:

This is Mina. I awoke, just now, in a panic, finding myself on the edge of what seems to be a small country road. I take it, from my numerous cuts and bruises, that we escaped Thomas' car with minimal injury, although I gather, from the absence of said automobile, that the car did not.

I cannot see Mr Larkin, but I hear him further up the path, seemingly talking to someone on his mobile device. (SHE SIGHS) I feel I have rather had my fill of him recently so, instead, I shall endeavour to familiarise myself with recent recordings, until perhaps Jonathan returns to me. Is that a selfish thought, my love? To wish for the absence of another so that you may be with me?

FX: BAG RUSTLES.

DRACULA:

Madame Mina...

MINA:

Count Dracula.

DRACULA:

Such hunger. Such eagerness to destroy. It seems I made you mine after all.

MINA:

I am nothing of yours. I never was.

DRACULA:

(CHUCKLES) And yet...

MINA:

There is no 'and yet'. I am no child, Count, and I am not so easily rattled.

DRACULA:

So many years of dedication, so much hard work, all for nothing. You *should* be rattled.

MINA:

I took an immortal and I stripped him down to his smallest parts. I scattered you across the world with my bare hands. You took everything I loved and I made sure you had even less.

DRACULA:

You are a foolish, weak old woman, playacting at power. You have nothing over me.

MINA:

To my eye, Count, I'm not a head being carried around in a plastic bag.

DRACULA:

You are a shadow, an echo of the past, forced to wrench control from innocents in order to act. Whereas I...

FX: TREES RUSTLE OMINOUSLY: BIRDS LANDING IN THE BRANCHES

DRACULA:

I grow more powerful every day.

MINA:

Your little birds and parlour tricks haven't stopped us yet.

DRACULA:

No? You only remain alive because I will it. If I wanted, I could have you torn limb from limb right now.

MINA:

...You're right. You could. And yet you haven't. Why is that?

Why is it you have let us come this far? Certainly, you are weaker than you were. But your attack on Thomas' car was more than enough to kill us. Why are we not yet dead?

DRACULA:

You live only by my choosing. I hold the reins. I control you.

MINA:

You're not clever enough for that. You never were.

DRACULA:

How dare you!

MINA:

You're planning something. You know something we don't. What is it? What have you- [done] (SMALL GASP OF PAIN: MADDIE STARTS TO RETURN) *Madeline*... not now! Not now! Stay down, please. I have to-

MADDIE:

(GASP AS SHE REEMERGES) (HORRIFIED REACTION - SHE DROPS THE HEAD)

FX: HEAD HITS THE GROUND

DRACULA:

(SOFT LAUGHTER)

FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, JEREMY ARRIVES

JEREMY:

Are you okay?

MADDIE:

I'm fine. I'm fine. Help me up?

JEREMY:

(EFFORT AS HE DOES)

MADDIE:

(EFFORT AS SHE STANDS) I think I... switched for a moment. Mina took the head out of the bag. And she had the recorder on. What was she *doing*?

JEREMY:

Well, let's get it back in the bag, shall we? Christ, I hate even looking at that thing.

MADDIE:

It must have chewed through the gag...

FX: RUSTLE AS THEY PUT THE HEAD BACK IN THE BAG

MADDIE:

Any luck with Tom?

JEREMY:

He's got his girlfriend trying to hack the Holmwood computer systems. God only knows why.

MADDIE:

But that's good! We have more people on our side! I told you he wanted to help us.

JEREMY:

I... I suppose.

MADDIE:

Come on. It can't be far now. Even at our horrendously slow pace.

FX: SHE STARTS WALKING. PAUSES.

MADDIE:

...Are you okay?

JEREMY:

I'm fine. I just- thank you. For earlier. For putting up with all this... insanity.

MADDIE:

You're welcome. Now come on.

FX: RECORDING OFF

15. INT - GODALMING BUILDING, SURREY - RECORDING

FX: SOFT LAB ATMOS. HENRI ENTERS LAB

HENRI:

Okay, coast is clear.

FX: TOM JOINS HER.

TOM:

Swanky place you've got here. They've definitely upgraded some things since my day.

HENRI:

If Tim comes back, let me do the talking, alright? You're just a Van Helsing, doing a surprise visit to the lab.

TOM:

First time for everything, I suppose.

FX: TOM WALKS DEEPER INTO LAB

TOM:

Jesus, is that the hand? What am I saying, of course it's the hand.

HENRI:

We've got cameras rolling on it 24/7 at the moment. In case it moves again.

TOM:

Creepy

FX: HENRI SITS AT A COMPUTER

HENRI:

Okay, logged in. I'll start by checking the company drive.

FX: TOM JOINS HER

TOM:

What's on there?

HENRI:

It's a place for my team to send our lab reports every week for collation back at the London office. We have a monthly meeting about anything new we have to report.

TOM:

Sounds liberating.

HENRI:

It's exactly as boring it sounds. But if there's anything weird going on, with Limbs being recalled, there'll be some trace of it on there.

FX: HENRI CLICKING THROUGH FILES.

HENRI:

You said Mr Larkin and Madeline were using a recorder to interact?

TOM:

Yeah. They'd been using it to communicate between blackouts, describing what happened to them. Caught loads of freaky shit on it too. Not just the ghosts.

HENRI:

...Really?

FX: TAPPING KEYS, SHE GOES BACKWARDS A FEW STEPS

TOM:

What is it?

HENRI:

Was it a Foundation Recorder?

TOM:

Yeah. Maddie's, I think.

HENRI:

So either I've just spotted a huge coincidence, or something really weird's going on here.

TOM:

Weirder than me talking about literal ghosts?

HENRI:

(DISTRACTED) One second...

FX: COMPUTER MOUSE CLICK. TAPPING OF KEYS

TOM:

Hen, you're killing me here, what's going on?

HENRI:

Those recorders are given out to every individual Archive or Research team member. When Mr Jones started, he updated all the old analogue recorders to a hybrid model: longer lasting battery, better microphone, lighter to carry -

TOM:

Henri, get to the point

HENRI:

They all come with a safe-save feature: every voice clip recorded gets saved as an MP3 file and sent straight to the Foundation's private drive.

TOM:

..Wait, so you mean the Foundation had access to those files this entire time?

HENRI:

Everything recorded on Ms Townsend's and Mr Larkin's device, yeah. All I need to do is start digging through the files and find which one is theirs.

TOM:

But that doesn't make any sense! Why drag me in for questioning? Why chase them across the fucking country, accusing them of murder, when they *know* what happened?

HENRI:

(NOT LISTENING) Madeline only started the week the Whitby building went down - which means she'd be one of the last to receive her recorder. If I can just -

FX: CLICKING AND TAPS.

HENRI:

(VICTORIOUS) I found it! I found -

FX: CLICK TO OPEN A FILE. DENIED COMPUTER SOUND.

HENRI:

Oh.

TOM:

What? What is it?

HENRI:

I can't access the files. The whole drive's been put behind a passcode.

TOM:

Is that usual?

HENRI:

Management can do it sometimes, for the important stuff but we're usually told about it. Maybe this means someone's actually started paying attention?

TOM:

Then why kidnap me? Why lock me up and interrogate me?

HENRI:

Let's see if I can get inside...

FX: SHE TAPS AT KEYBOARD. WRONG PASSWORD BEEP. WRONG PASSWORD BEEP.

HENRI:

It's not letting me-

FX: SUDDEN FLICKERING LIGHTS - POWER GOES OFF AND ON

HENRI:

Shit!

TOM:

What was that?

HENRI:

It's the power in here. It's been broken for ages.

FX: SHE THUMPS SIDE OF COMPUTER

HENRI:

(SOTTO, FRUSTRATED) Come on, don't do this! Not now...

FX: SUDDEN RAPID TYPING. KEYS CLICKING.

HENRI/TOM:

(STARTLED REACTION)

TOM:

Henri?

HENRI:

It's not me! It's... it's typing by itself! I'm not doing anything!

COMPUTER VOICE:

Stop him. Stop him. Stop him.

FX: RAPID TYPING CONTINUES. ENTER KEY PRESS. COMPUTER

BEEP.

HENRI:

It just... let me in! The computer let me in! Did you hear that voice?

TOM:

Yeah. Yeah, I heard it.

FX: FRANTIC TAPPING AT KEYS. MOUSE CLICKS AS HENRI SCROLLS.

HENRI:

I don't believe it...

TOM:

What's wrong?

HENRI:

Everything from the last few weeks. The report we sent Mr Harker, recordings and videos, even the stuff from the Amsterdam dig. It's gone!

TOM:

What?

FX: KEYS TAPPING

HENRI:

Here, look! I can see from the log. This where the files used to be, but they've been removed, or hidden or - something. I can't find them at all on the system!

FX: SHE SCROLLS

HENRI:

And it's not just our report, but everyone else's too. The London Building, Texas, Exeter...

TOM:

Is there some way of getting them back?

HENRI:

Not without executive security privileges. Someone high up in the company did this...

TOM:

This is insane...

HENRI:

What are we supposed to do? London won't acknowledge us! They basically kidnapped you this morning! Are we just... nothing to them? (BEAT) Maybe you were right, we need to get out of this.

TOM:

No. I was stupid and cowardly and you were right. Until about two seconds ago I was still ready to run but now this? We might be Jeremy and Maddie's only lifeline right now.

HENRI:

What do we do? Just march up to London and demand Mr Harker tell us what's going on? Hope he doesn't vanish us away in black vans? You being a Van Helsing can only work so many times... This is getting scary, Tom. And you weren't being a coward, you were being sensible. This is too much!

TOM:

Not for you. Me, yeah, I'm a nervous wreck, but you're amazing and I'm not going to be the one to pull you away from a fight. We're staying and...

...you know, I think I've got an idea.

16. EXT - OUTSIDE TOM'S CAR - BODY CAM FOOTAGE

FX: BODYCAM ON. FOOTSTEPS. BUZZ OF WALKIE TALKIES. A CROWD GATHERED AROUND TOM'S BURNED OUT CAR.

MAGDALENA:

Body Cams on. I want all of this recorded.

FX: CRUNCHING FOOTSTEPS AS SHE APPROACHES TOM'S CAR.

MAGDALENA (CONT):

Car's been wrecked. Looks like it veered off the road, travelled down a verge and collided with a tree. License plates match what we have on record for Mr Van Helsing.

FX: SECURITY OFFICER APPROACHES

OFFICER #1:

Nobody inside, ma'am.

MAGDALENA:

No, there wouldn't be.

OFFICER #1:

We also found this, attached to one of the doors.

FX: FABRIC IS HANDED OVER

MAGDALENA:

Orange fabric...

OFFICER #1:

Could be a coincidence?

MAGDALENA:

(ASIDE) Right now I don't think we have the luxury of treating anything as a coincidence. (CLEARER) For the benefit of the recording, we have reason to believe Asset #6 may also be nearby. There's a possibility she may be working with Mr Larkin and Ms Townsend.

OFFICER #1:

Working with a vampire?

MAGDALENA:

Working or following, it's all the same. She appeared on the train to London, she appeared at Van Helsing's flat, she's been everywhere the head has been. As if chasing the Thralls wasn't bad enough...

OFFICER #1:

Orders, Ma'am?

MAGDALENA:

This road, where does it lead?

FX: TABLET BEEP

OFFICER #1:

Uh, according to the map, we're near the Wye Downs. If they were following the A20, they would have hit Folkestone in about three hours by foot.

MAGDALENA:

I want this area cordoned off. Everyone else, back to the trucks. If they're travelling on foot, we can catch them. (SOTTO) Although there's still a chance they'll come to us...

FX: CAMERAS OFF

17. EXT. COUNTRY LANE - RECORDER

FX: RECORDER ON - COUNTRY ROAD ATMOS

JEREMY:

(LAUGHING) No. No, absolutely not.

MADDIE:

Why? It's not like we've got anything else to do. Tell the Harkers.

JEREMY:

I'm not reciting *that* to the ghosts in our heads.

MADDIE:

I think we could all do with some levity right now.

JEREMY:

Levity? More like the continued breakdown of our fucking sanity. (HE SIGHS) I can't even remember how it goes...

MADDIE:

(RECITING START OF A LIMERICK) *There was a young couple*

of ghosts...

JEREMY:

(SOTTO) Hardly bloody young...

MADDIE:

(CONTINUES LIMERICK) *Who found some most gracious hosts.*

JEREMY:

Speak for yourself!

MADDIE:

Okay then, you finish it!

JEREMY:

Fine fine...

(RECITING THE REST OF THE LIMERICK) *They struggled and strode, the long winding roads, Trying to get to the coast.*

MADDIE:

Nice. But don't Limericks usually end in a punchline?

JEREMY:

I didn't say I was *good* at poetry, Madeline. I said I *liked* it. Please don't make me regret telling you that.

MADDIE:

(SHE LAUGHS) No promises.

JEREMY/MADDIE:

(BOTH CHUCKLE)

FX: THEY KEEP WALKING. JEREMY PAUSES. BEAT, THEN MADDIE ALSO STOPS.

MADDIE:

...Jeremy?

JEREMY:

Sorry... uh... can I just have a minute? I need to make a call.

MADDIE:

To whom?

JEREMY:

I... need a word with Tom. In private.

MADDIE:

Private?

JEREMY:

Funnily enough I believe we are still mildly capable of privacy

after all this. (HE SIGHS) Please?

MADDIE:

Fine. I'll just go ahead, shall I?

JEREMY:

Thank you.

FX: MADDIE WALKS OFF

(JEREMY PREPARES HIMSELF)

FX: BEEPS AS JEREMY CALLS MAGDALENA'S NUMBER

18. EXT - COUNTRY ROADS - PHONE CALL - CONTINUOUS

FX: PHONE RINGING. MAGDALENA PICKS UP ALMOST IMMEDIATELY. QUIET COUNTRY ROAD ATMOS AT BOTH ENDS.

JEREMY:

It's Jeremy.

MAGDALENA:

Mr Larkin. Have you finally had time to consider my offer?

JEREMY:

I want to know what'll happen when we get back to London. I want a guarantee that I won't be treated like some kind of... *insane* person. That you'll take our concerns seriously, you'll treat us well.

MAGDALENA:

Of course. We'll question Ms Townsend, work out what she had to gain from all this-

JEREMY:

That sounds- [perfect] (BEAT, REALISING) Wait, *what?*

MAGDALENA:

Jeremy, it doesn't take a genius to see what's happening here. You're distressed and unwell. She's taken advantage of what is clearly some kind of mental breakdown: convinced you of an outlandish ghost story. Mr Jones is compromised, he can't see it either, but she's the reason you've not come to us. Am I right?

JEREMY:

(HORRIFIED) I... that's not. She's the only thing that's made this week *bearable*.

MAGDALENA:

You're not alone in this, Jeremy. You don't have to rely on whatever it is she's told you. We can *help*.

JEREMY:

(STEELY) You know what: I've spent my life being told what to do, how to think, having other people decide how I'm supposed to see the world. But this time, I get to decide:

(VICTORIOUS) Fuck you, Ms Swift. And fuck my father's company. I quit!

FX: HE ENDS CALL

19. INT - TOM'S FLAT - TOM'S PHONE - VOICEMAIL

HENRI:

(VOICEMAIL) Hi, this is Henri! I'm unable to answer my phone right now as I'm probably in the lab doing ghoulish things to test tubes - or, you know, paperwork. But please leave me a message and I'll call you back!

TOM:

(BREATHLESS) Henri! Your boyfriend is an idiot. A first-grade absolute idiot!

FX: SOUNDS OF RUMMAGING

TOM:

I'm back in the flat. Don't worry, I'm okay. Slipped in through the back entrance. Nobody spotted me. I was thinking, about what you said about someone high up in the company needing access to the computer files, and then it hit me! Cos' Dad left all his stuff to me when he died, right? And it's just been sitting here in my spare room. All his old records and posters and stuff (HE LAUGHS) We used his autographed baseball bat to menace Dracula, and it didn't even occur to me!

(HE CALMS HIMSELF) Dad and Uncle Jonathan weren't exactly on the best of terms, especially after my... uh... *accident* at the Whitby building. Basically Dad told him if he ever made me interact with Foundation stuff again, he'd punch his lights out. But I know they kept in touch. I mean, Uncle Jonny was married to his sister for years! And Dad worried about Jeremy.

Anyway, sorry. I'm rambling.

What I'm trying to say is, they still called each other. Mainly Uncle Jonathan called Dad to berate him about his latest vampire movie, but they still called. Dad had his *number*.

FX: CONTINUED RUMMAGING

TOM:

I know it's in here somewhere... I just have to- (SOUND OF TRIUMPH) His address book!

FX: LEAFING THROUGH ADDRESS BOOK.

TOM:

All his numbers, all his celebrity contacts. Plus dear old Uncle Jonny's landline!
I'm going right to the source, Henri. I'm going to *fix* this.
I'm calling Jeremy's dad.

FX: CALL ENDS

20. EXT - FARMER'S FIELD - LATE MORNING - PHONE CALL

FX: PHONE CONNECTING. BIRDS CHIRPING IN DISTANCE. BARKING OF DOG NEARBY.

FARMER:

(TERRIFIED) Shit, shit, shit... (TO DOG) Stay boy, stay!

OPERATOR:

Hello, this is 999. What's your emergency?

FARMER:

I've just shot some sort of... *monster* on my property!

FX: DOG BARKS, AGGRESSIVELY.

FARMER:

(TO DOG) That's it, boy. Don't let it move.

OPERATOR:

Sorry sir, what was that?

FARMER:

Didn't you hear me? I said I've just shot a *monster*!

THRALL:

(RASPING)

FARMER:

(STARTLED REACTION) Fuck. It's still breathing!

FX: SHOTGUN CLICKS

ELENA:

It does not breathe. Do not antagonise it further. Your bullets will be of little use if it chooses to strike.

FARMER:

(STARTLED REACTION) Where the hell did you come from?

ELENA:

Through the trees. You did not hear me coming.

OPERATOR:

Sir, did you say you've been attacked by something?

FARMER:

Get the hell off my property! I've got enough to deal with without more of you trespassers! (INTO PHONE) Some kind of...monster!

ELENA:

I am injured. Defenceless. I seek only to remain here in the shade. That creature and I should not be your concern.

FARMER:

Is that *thing* yours?

ELENA:

He and I are of the same stock.

FARMER:

What the hell is that supposed to mean?!

ELENA:

He is what I might have become, long ago... (BITTER LAUGH) Had I not been granted a bittersweet mercy...

FARMER:

What—

OPERATOR:

This is the emergency line, for emergencies. I'm putting you through to animal welfare. Please hold.

FARMER:

It's not an animal! Hell, it almost looks human. Like some sort of—

FX: HOLD MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY

ELENA:

It is a thrall.

FARMER:

What?

ELENA:

A thrall.

FARMER:

Look, lady. I don't know who the hell you think you are, but if you don't leave my property right this second there will be consequences—

PHONE VOICE:

Thank you for calling Animal Services. You are currently in

a Queue. Your call will be answered by an Operator as soon as possible. You are tenth in the Queue.

ELENA:

No. You should leave *me* in peace. I may be weakened, but I am hungry. I am attempting to extend you mercy.

FARMER:

Mercy? Are you *threatening* me?

ELENA:

I have dragged myself across continents and countries that no longer exist. I am weak, and I am seething. Yes, I am *threatening* you.

FARMER:

Right! I've had it up to here with you lot-

FX: HE COCKS HIS GUN

FARMER:

Get off my land!

PHONE VOICE:

You are ninth in the Queue.

FX: SOFT HOLD MUSIC

ELENA:

A pity. This day has been too long. (SNARL AS SHE LUNGES)

FX: ELENA LUNGES AT THE FARMER. PHONE CLATTERS TO THE GROUND. DOG BARKING WILDLY UNTIL THE END OF SCENE.

FARMER:

(DYING SCREAMS AS THE ELENA ATTACKS HIM, OVER THE PHONE VOICE.)

PHONE VOICE:

You are eighth in the Queue. Please know that your call is important to us. Someone will be here to assist you shortly...

(CALL ENDS)

21. INT - JONATHAN 3'S HOME OFFICE - LANDLINE PHONE CALL

FX: PHONE RINGING. JONATHAN HARKER THE THIRD PICKS UP.

J3:

Who is this? What do you want?

TOM:

Hey Uncle Johnny. It's Thomas Van Helsing, remember me?

J3:

Thomas? What the hell are you- [doing?] How did you get my home number?

TOM:

Dug it out of storage. Wasn't sure it'd still work, but I guess the Foundation really doesn't replace anything.

J3:

What do you want? If this is one of your little stunts, please be aware I have no time-

TOM:

No stunts, I promise. Only, I've had our darling Jeremy staying over the last few days...

J3:

What?

TOM:

And I was kind of thinking to myself: what kind of father ignores his own son's calls for help?

J3:

(SHARPLY) My son is *dead*, Thomas.

TOM:

...What?

J3:

He died when the fucking Westenra building collapsed last week. I'm sorry for you to find out this way. I am... aware the two of you were once close. But now is not the time for your *attention-seeking-*

TOM:

I saw him just a few hours ago! We spoke on the phone. He's- well, I wouldn't say he's fine, but he is alive. He's been trying to call you for days!

J3:

Enough, Thomas. Do you have any idea the work we've had to do over the last few days, just to keep this Foundation afloat? The work *I've-* No, no, of course you don't. You're a member of the public now, aren't you?

TOM:

Have you seen his body? Have you seen *anything*?

J3:

Goodbye, Thomas.

TOM:

Wait! Please! (URGENT) You lost one of your assets - the scary one that got me and Jeremy - in the collapse, right? And...six Thralls? You've been tracking them across the country, but they've spread further than you thought. All the way to London.

J3:

How do you know that?

TOM:

Because Jeremy was at my flat. He's being chased by them. He's desperate for your help, but he can't get through to you. I'm not joking. I'm not high. This isn't some sick publicity stunt, I promise.

J3:

My son *died*. He was working in the Westenra building and he *died*, along with six others. We have the documentation to prove it.

TOM:

Documents from *where*? (HE REALISES.) Oh shit.

J3:

I have people in every sector of the Foundation, keeping me informed-

TOM:

I was picked up by your people last night, driven to the London building in a black van and *interrogated*. Were you informed about that?

J3:

We don't *interrogate* people, Thomas. We're a scientific charity!

TOM:

Jeremy thought you weren't getting in touch because you were angry with him, but it wasn't that, was it? You didn't even know he was calling... (DEEP BREATH) I'll take a wild stab in the dark and assume *Arthur Jones* hasn't told you a thing about the location of *Dracula's head*, either, has he?

J3:

...How the hell do you know about Mr Jones? How in God's name do you know about the head?

TOM:

I think we need to have a little *chat*, Mr Harker.

END OF SCENE
EPISODE ENDS